

W. G. Strait

NORMAL
SPOTLIGHT

November, 1916

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Normal Spotlight

Volume 2

NOVEMBER

No. 1

New Lamps for Old

Once, a long time ago, lived far off in Arabia a youth called Aladdin who, after many adventures, came into possession of a wonderful lamp which, if rubbed, gave him every wish of his heart—a genii would appear and the desire, whatever it happened to be, was granted. Of course this was a very precious lamp and an old magician in the tale, disguised as a merchant, tried to obtain it. Finally he is successful and gives a new lamp for the old and priceless one of the genii.

Perhaps, even now, you remember this particular merchant—he used to hurry down thru a queer, crooked, oriental street in your dreams, singing his persuasive bargain—"New lamps for old—new lamps for old!" He always stopped under the palace window, and the little Arabian princess sold him all of her old lamps. How sorry you felt for her when at last she foolishly exchanged the priceless old lamp of the genii for a cheap, new one!

This wily old merchant lived, in those days, in the same city where dwelt Cinderella, the Forty Thieves, and Bluebeard. Of late, he has disappeared from your City of Dreams, and you smile when you think of those nights, so long ago now, when you looked cautiously behind you on the stairs, fearful lest he, or one of the forty thieves, might creep up unawares, and clutch your ankles—so!

Yet, at times, even in the prosaic present, an echo of his cry comes dimly drifting to your ears, or, on occasion, you glimpse his scarlet robe, whisking around the corner, just ahead.

There was one day that found you morbidly reading the "latest best seller"—a feverish combination of pseudo-psychology and overdrawn situations. As you finished the last abnormal chapter, a volume of Carlyle fell from the shelf above your head to the floor, and lay before you, an apparently intentional reproach. A certainly sly, wizened, oriental face grinned maliciously, and once again you heard the treacherous offer—"New lamps for old?"

Thru all our modern life he passes, swinging his basket of shining lamps—cheap and easily broken, to be sure—but so attractively new! In literature and out, he carries on a profitable trade, and he has even dared some times to cross our thresholds and carry away the very light and warmth of our fireplaces.

"Aha!" you exclaim, "here is a rabid old fossil. Do you mean, then, that everything old is of necessity valuable—that a new lamp can never give out cheering light?"

Actual evidence would contradict this. Everywhere are new flames that proudly put to shame the burned out lights of the past. Witness the strides in modern science, in music, in literature itself, giving us such bright and entirely satisfactory flames.

Unfortunately in the exchange of old for new, so many, so pitifully many, run down the street to meet the vender, scarcely glancing at the old in haste to possess the new. Poor little princesses—their palaces are but dimly lit! And how often the lamp of the genii goes, too, and what was but dimly lit before, is in total darkness at last.

Upon the hill are the strong walls and turrets of the queen's castle. Within her private hall gleam thousands of brilliant lamps—new ones, some of them and here and there one of ancient design, which for its beauty or value, has been jealously guarded. Above the throne itself, the lamp of the genii burns with a peculiarly radiant light, day and night. The dull gold of its design gleams in an ever-changing pattern. Most truly, the hall itself is only a setting for the holy flame.

If, from without on the stony streets, whining voice is heard—the voice that would urge exchange of the treasure within—the curtains are drawn closer and closer, and the music within sounds more clearly, until this evil, bent figure slinks down the street and disappears. So let it be with us, who possessing some rare and beautiful treasures, in our hearts, steadfastly aim to keep them bright and untarnished and never exchange them for the tawdry tinsel and flaunting brilliance of today.

M. B. D.

Alumni Notes.

- '16 Olin Mittan is principal of Springville High School, Springville, Pa.
- '16 Lester Alberts is teaching at Lake Como, Pa.
- '16 Jane Fuller is teaching at No. 19 school, Scranton.
- '16 Lola Jacquish is teaching in Wilkes-Barre.
- '16 Dorothy Rockwell is teaching at Lawrenceville, Pa.
- '16 Martha Whitely is teaching at Williamsport.
- '16 Alma Davies is teaching in Scranton.
- '16 Elizabeth Llewellyn is teaching at Moosic.
- The Lackawanna County Alumni association is arranging for a banquet to be conducted in Scranton on New Year's Eve. Arthur Williams, '14, is president of the association.
- '16 Jay Foley is teaching agriculture and solid geometry in the high school at Old Forge.
- '16 Rowland J. Schauman is teaching in Taylor.
- '16 Alice Nailon is teaching in Carbondale.
- '16 William J. Powell is teaching in Taylor.
- '16 Marguerite Kelley is teaching in Exeter, Pa.
- '16 Isabelle Keifer is teaching in Carbondale.
- '00 James Brennan is superintendent of the city schools at Carbondale.

Indiana Wins.

At 2:30 Saturday afternoon, October 21st, a yellow pigskin, propelled by the toe of a husky athlete in a red jersey, left Indiana's 40 yard line on its journey toward the goal defended by Mansfield Normal. It soon reached its objective—in fact it crossed our goal line twice within ten minutes.

Our rivals from the west displayed a dashing attack around our ends that could not be checked until it had scored thirteen points for the Red and Grey. Indiana displayed such an interference as has seldom been seen on Smythe Park. Their speedy backs knew how to follow this interference and thus get loose in the open field with no one between them and our goal line.

Mansfield received the ball on the kick-off but soon lost it on downs and so gave Indiana a chance to show the strength of their offense. After two or three plays Lyttle, their speedy quarterback, took the ball across for a touchdown. The try for goal was wide. Indiana 6; Mansfield 0.

Indiana kicked and again secured the ball after we were unable to advance. This time it was Radmon who eluded all tacklers and crossed our goal line after a wide end run. Pettler kicked the goal and the first quarter soon ended with Indiana on the big end of a 13-0 score.

No more scoring took place in the first half. The ball see-sawed up and down the field, now in our possession and then in the hands of our opponents.

Indiana secured our kick off at the beginning of the second half but was forced to punt on their fourth down. We advanced the ball to Indiana's 30 yard line and then it was given to Gazella for an end run. He was tackled but merely touched the ground momentarily and came up running, and kept on until Indiana's goal line lay behind him. The puntout was missed and the third quarter came to a close with Mansfield seven points behind.

In the last quarter Indiana rushed in some fresh men and by hard line plunging scored again. Jehovicks kicked the goal which concluded the scoring. The final whistle proclaimed the game won by the Red and Grey, 20-6.

The Red and Black line men out-charged and out-played their heavier opponents at all stages of the game. Chamberlain, Wallbridge, Roos and Matteson frequently broke thru to toss the runner for a loss. Decker at center outplayed Campbell, while Joyce and Gazella at ends played flashy ball and gained ground on end around plays, quite frequently.

Gazella fathomed Indiana's interference and frequently threw their backs heavily. He played a fast, aggressive game and in the third quarter pulled down a forward from Rockwell which resulted in a gain of 40 yards. He was thrown and two backs piled on top of him. He failed to rise when the mix-up was untangled and had to be assisted from the field.

Captain Vedder ran his men well despite the fact that he was up against a much heavier team. Francis and Everett as halfbacks played great football and gained whenever given a chance in the open field. Rockwell at full hit the line hard and backed up the line in fine shape. Reckus, who substituted for Francis, played a consistent game, gaining on off tackles and making several hard tackles.

Clarke showed lots of fight and outcharged his opponent decidedly. Sayre substituting for Gazella, displayed as plucky a game as has ever been seen on the football field here and while outweighed almost two to one he held his opposing end to equal terms.

In short our team, outweighed by fifteen pounds per man and outweighed even to a greater degree in experience, put up a plucky game, and the fighting spirit of the Red and Black was never displayed to a better advantage than it was against Indiana.

Line-up:—

M. S. N. S.	Indiana
Joyce, l. e.	l. e., Scarry
Chamberlain, l. t.	l. t., Lautz
Walbridge, l. g.	l. g., K. Gyle
Decker, c.	c., Campbell
Roos, r. g.	r. g., C. Gyle
Matteson, r. t.	r. t., Harrick
Gazella, r. e.	r. e., Pettler
Vedder, q. b.	q. b., Lyttle
Francis, l. h. b.	l. h. b., Radmon
Everett, r. h. b.	r. h. b., Jehovicks
Rockwell, f. b.	f. b., Potts

Touchdowns: Lyttle, Radmon, Creighton, Gazella.

Substitutions: Creighton for Radmon; Dillon for S. Gyle; Lisle for K. Gyle; Malaker for Lyttle; Clarke for Roos; Reckus for Francis; Sayre for Gazella.

Referee: McDaniels, Oberlin.

Umpire: Kline, Cornell.

Head Linesman: J. Hiscox.

Miss Powell To Give Recital.

Miss Gwen Powell, an elocutionist, will give a recital Friday evening, December 8th, in Alumni Hall. Miss Powell is a member of the Normal Alumni, having been graduated in 1909. She won the gold medal in the declamation contest conducted here that year.

WENTWORTH G. VEDDER CAPTAIN OF THIS YEAR'S VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM

For The Fourth Consecutive Time a Wellsboro Boy Is
Chosen to Direct the Destiny of Normal
Pigskin Chasers. Brother Was
Also Captain Here.

Wellsboro has turned out another captain for M. S. N. S., Wentworth G. Vedder, having been elected pilot of this year's gridiron warriors. Orson Wilcox was elected captain of this season but as he matriculated at Pittsburgh University this fall we were without a leader. The letter men met and Vedder was elected.

Wellsboro seems to be a football capitol, for it has produced four captains in the last four years. Leon Kelly had the honor in 1913 and in 1914 Sanford Vedder was placed at the helm. Orson Wilcox captained the team in 1915 and led his team in several big victories. Sanford Vedder is a brother of our present captain. He is still in football, holding down a job at end for Ursinus.

Kelly and Wilcox need no introduction to the majority of Normal students as they played on our championship team two years ago, and also during several seasons when we were not quite so successful.

Our New Coach.

We introduce, as our coach this year, Roland C. Kichline, ex-captain of Ursinus. Coach Kichline piloted Ursinus college thru a very successful season in 1915, and his services are greatly missed this year, according to all reports. He was one of the best full-backs that ever hugged a pigskin at Ursinus, and had the faculty of arousing a fighting spirit in his team mates which was not to be denied. Peterson, one of the alumni of M. S. N. S., who displays a great article of football himself at Ursinus, informed us that Kichline hit the line like a runaway locomotive (Erie excepted) and ran in the open field as tho he had invented the art of straight arm.

When the Erie lakadaisically rambled into Mansfield on the eve of the 18th of last month, it conveyed some thirty sons of our beloved Normal, who aspired to win the big "M" in the great American college game—no! not pinochle—football. Out of the above mentioned squad our energetic coach is endeavoring to shape a team worthy of representing the school.

A few of the more pessimistic followers of the Red and Black avowed that the holes, left by the departure of Wilcox, Sweeley, Hiscox, Duffy, Foley, Carpenter Shauman, and in fact all but three of the letter men, could never be filled.

We were immediately impressed by the thero drill in the rudiments of the game, which Coach Kichline introduced and as the weeks of practice followed one another we began to see a championship on the horizon.

While our coach had a difficult job ahead of him when the season opened, he declared open season on Bellefonte, State Frosh. and St. Bonaventure and we rest assured that he will "bring home the bacon" in the form of the scalps of the afore mentioned game animals.

THAT INDIANA GAME.

By Paul C. Allison
(with apologies to A. Lincoln)

Three weeks and five days ago, our rivals brought forth upon Smythe Park a great football team, conceived in Indiana, clad in red jerseys and protected by much padding.

Then we were engaged in a great struggle, testing whether that team or any other team, so conceived and so padded could long endure. We were met in a battle for the normal school champion title of the state.

We are now dedicating a portion of that gridiron as a final resting place for the hopes of those, who gave of their best that their team should not be defeated. It is altogether fitting and proper that we would do this.

But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, clad in Red and Black who struggled there have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. Indiana will little note, nor long remember, what we said there, but it can never forget what we did there. It is for the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought there have thus far so nobly advanced.

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from this honorable defeat we take increased devotion to that cause for which we gave last full measure of devotion—that this school, when they meet Indiana next year, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that the Red and Black, of Mansfield Normal, for Mansfield Normal, and by Mansfield Normal, shall never again be lowered in defeat.

A Question of Time.

Instructor—Mr. Smith, just how long did it take you to do this assignment?

Smith (wearily)—I dunno; the clock ran down before I got through.—Princeton Tiger.

MATTESON ELECETED PRESIDENT

**Popular Athlete Honored by Members of This Year's
Graduating Class. Other Officers
Chosen.**

The members of this year's graduating class met recently and elected as their president, Reese Matteson, of Knoxville. The other officers elected were: Vice-president, Donald B. Rockwell, of Wellsboro; secretary, Helen Redcay, of Scranton; and treasurer, Mary Anderson, of Scranton.



REESE MATTESON

Mr. Matteson is undoubtedly one of the most popular students in the school. He has been active in athletics ever since he matriculated in 1915. Last spring he played third base on the base ball team and is now playing tackle on the varsity football team. "Matty" is also a basketball player and is expected to be one of the guards on the school's quintet this year.

Dutch Shamrock?

The Kaiser's cows are grazing
Where the Shamrock used to grow,
How long they'll pasture on the green
There's no one seems to know.
But if we judge the future by
What's happened, don't you know,
There'll be no grass for Pat's jackass
Where the Shamrock used to grow.

Oh, Johnny Bull, Oh, Johnny Bull,
What are you going to do?
You said you'd whip the gol darned Dutch,
And still it's up to you!
But unless you get a hustle on,
There's one thing you should know,
They'll be raising plants for sauerkraut
Where the Shamrock used to grow.

—C. K. in Penn'a Punch Bowl.

Y. W. C. A.

The officers of the Y. W. C. A. for this year are as follows: President, Maizie Nicholas; vice-president, Ruth I. Foster; treasurer, Alice Rockwell, and recording secretary, Marion Caswell.

The following topics and leaders have been chosen for the fall term: —

November 2—Showing Our Colors, Mary Anderson, Pauline Heck.

November 9—The Value of Resistance, Bessie Ward, Helen Jones.

November 16—Gardening, Does It Pay?, Ruth Jones, Beatrice Martin.

November 23—The Qualities I Most Admire in Students, Miss Jessie Grigsby.

November 30—Thanksgiving Praise Meeting, Maizie Nicholas, Helen Redcay.

December 7—Personal Responsibility, Alice Rockwell, Elaine Manley.

December 14—Following A Star, Inez Coon, Mildred Reed.

December 21—True Christmas Giving, Margaret Evans, Ruth Fahrman.

Kindergarten Students Meet.

The first Kindergarten meeting was held in the Y. W. C. A. rooms October 3rd, for the purpose of electing new officers for the coming year. They are as follows:—President, M. Ward; vice-president, M. Barnhart; secretary, E. Waterbury; treasurer, L. Hawkins; editor, M. Brundage; assistant editor, M. Finley.

One of the most enjoyable time that the Kindergarten girls have enjoyed was when Miss Genevieve Husted entertained the Senior class on October 24th. Many pleasant games were played and the members were very much pleased with several recitations by Mazie Nicholas; and a vocal solo by Mary Brundage, after which refreshments were served.

Library Flirtation.

She came—
He came—
Down sat she—
Opposite, he
(Both seeming engrossed.)
He, a covert look—
She, still at her book
(Rather less engrossed.)
A slight cough—he
A quick glance—she
(Study-bored expression)
He—closed his book
She—stole a look
(Both eyes met.)
A smile—he
A blush—she
(Both minds met.)
He went
She went
Finish.

—Punch Bowl.

Supplement to Webster.

Exam—A night mare day dream.
 Bluffing—A means to an end which follows a course of least resistance.
 Jollyng—Saying things she wants you to say but what you don't mean.
 Spooning—A closer proximity between two people of opposite sexes than is permissible in other than darkened circumstances.
 Freshman—A variegated bunch of verdancy gathered up promiscuously from all corners of the state.
 Sophomores—The withered remnant of last year's collection of greenness.
 Juniors—"It."
 Seniors—A mass of distintegrated foolishness, glossed over with a smattering of wisdom.
 Pony—A vertebrate animal ridden by such students as lack proper backbone to walk through their studies.
 Love—A tickling sensation around the heart that can't be scratched.
 Chapel—The one great bore of the students which the faculty delight in imposing on them daily.
 Faculty—A combination of heads, wise or otherwise, who consider it their duty to create and manipulate instruments of torture called studies.—Wellsboro Rambler.

ATHENAEAN PLAY.

The Athenaeon Literary Society will give their annual play in Alumni Hall Tuesday evening, November 28th. Those taking part in the play have been practicing regularly now for about six weeks, and are rapidly rounding their parts in to shape.

The cast of characters:—

Christopher, Harold Strait; Major Thompkins, Clarence Robins; Mr. Wright, Carl Roos; Mr. Samuels, Harry McInroy; Larson, Gordon Bailey; Vivian, Eleanor Quinn; Mrs. Thompkins, Anna Austin; Miss Kite, Gertrude Stevens; Stasia, Gertrude Regan; Mrs. Sharp, Eleanor Ward; The Stranger, Donald B. Rockwell

Y. M. C. A.

The present outlook is brighter than it has been for many years. Our program cards show that we are having and will continue to have interesting meetings each Thursday evening throughout the year. Topics have been assigned to various fellows, who will develop their topic and open a general discussion. Members of the faculty, ministers from the village, and others will be among the speakers. Mr. Keim has charge of the music and intends organizing a male chorus. We trust that this varied program will interest the fellows and meet with their approval. Non-members are always welcomed to our weekly meetings. Come and enjoy them.

The object of the association is: to promote growth in the Christian character, as embodying the highest standard of living, among the students of the school and to enlist them in unselfish service in the school and the community.

Mr. Morris in Doctor's office:—"Well, I am trying."
 Dr. Straughn:—"Yes, very!"

Emersonian Society.

The members of the Emersonian Literary society have decided to give as their play this year, "Peg O' My Heart." Rehearsals are being conducted regularly and the play will undoubtedly be ready for production within a very short time.

The cast of characters follows:—

Mrs. Chichister. Helen Scanlon.
 Alaric Chichister. George Navle.
 Ethel Chichister. Freda Williard.
 Attorney Hawks. Olin Decker.
 Mr. Christian Brent. Horace Beach.
 "Peg." Mildred Ward.
 Jerry. David Parsels.
 Jarvice, the butler, Daniel Farrer.

Prof. Grant:—"I don't want to hand back any of your papers until I can all of them!"

ST. CLAIR ORGANIZES BAND.

Dame Rumor Had It That There Would Be No Noise-making Crew Here This Year But "Saint"
 Soon Put the "Kibosh" on
 That Gossip.

Shortly after school opened it was rumored about that there would be no band here this year. Dame Rumor seemed emphatic in her announcement until Charley St. Clair got on the job to state his intentions of



CHARLES ST. CLAIR

organizing a band. Charley immediately started gathering up Clifford and other musicians and the result was that within a very short time he had the band going in great style.

Much credit is due St. Clair for his efforts and the members of his band are also worthy of praise for the support they have given their leader in the undertaking.

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Donald B. Rockwell.....Associate Editor
Harold G. Strait.....Business Manager
Harry Taylor.....Assistant Business Manager
Prof. F. E. Rupert.....Faculty Advisor

Contributing Editors.

Alta Peten Society.....Maurice Woodrow, '17
Athenaen.....Rex Dimmick, '17
Emersonian.....Marjorie Reed, '17

WELL, HERE WE ARE AGAIN.

After a four month's vacation The Spotlight makes its appearance once again. We had some time getting started for conditions were anything but favorable to the printing of a school paper this year. The price of paper was "skyhigh" when we signed our contract with the printer and the cool sensation which ran thru us as we affixed our "John Hancock" to the agreement was anything but pleasant, we can assure you. We realized the undertaking to be a serious one but rather than invite the slur of "quitter" to be thrown at us we buckled right in and went on with our well-laid plans. The efforts we put forth enable us to present to you today the first fall term issue of The Spotlight with a promise of, "more to follow."

We thank the students for their kind support and we also wish to express our appreciation to the advertisers for the aid they have given us. We believe The Spotlight to be a good advertising medium and that the merchants will never regret the investment they made in purchasing the ad spaces in our paper. We suggest that the students patronize those firms. The merchants, we know, are reliable, and worthy of any support that the students might give them.

THEY SLAP OUR WRIST.

The sudden shock of several sanctorial sorrows has caused us deep despondency. A freshman did not miss looking us up t'other day. To the bland question: did we "have any connection with the Spotlight," we sweetly replied that, "certain remote ties of consanguinity gave us reason to believe that we are, a bit were, distantly related to that respectable publication lately mentioned by you."

She blushed and dropped her pencil. We picked it up. She dropped her fountain pen. We picked it up. She blushed and dropped "The First Year of Latin." We grew red in the face and picked them up too. Then, illy concealing our "weariness and wrath", we politely inquired of this "maid of 20" if she wanted us to help her with her belongings. "No," she answered humbly, "I've a joke for the Spotlight." We thawed, and "Good!" we volunteered, "Let's hear it." "It's in two parts, each a conundrum," she continued with growing

animation, "of which the first is: 'What is the oldest table in the world?' And the answer: 'The multiplication table!'"

We gulped and, though we honestly believed that the vege-table came to light even before number work, yet by a masterly effort we fitted our countenance out with a broad grin of sympathetic appreciation.

"And the second?" we asked in fear and trembling.

"Is this: 'What is the smallest table in the world?'"

"We give it up."

"The Spotlight's table of contents!!!"

The awful cataclysm that shook our foundations when we heard the fateful words was a long time in abating. The barometer of our sorrows, which had been steadily rising this particular morning, jumped from twenty-eight and stood at thirty and nine-tenths!

Our sun went behind a cloud.

The freshman girl fled.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

The late James J. Hill once said that if he were asked to tell whether a young man was going to be a success in life or not he could tell simply by finding out if the young man was capable of saving money. If he could save money the chances for his success, according to Mr. Hill, were many and the possibilities for his failure few.

Saving money does not necessarily mean that one should be a miser. But it does mean the elimination of one's self from a class known as "spenders" and "good fellows".

It is true that a man is known by the money he keeps and the young men of today can well afford to listen to the famous railroad magnate's advice to those who seek success.

WANTED!

The literary societies of this school will elect, within a very short time, a few students to represent them on the editorial staff of the Spotlight. These elections, it is hoped, will be clean from petty politics and only students of ability chosen to become the staff members. It is imperative that the members of the societies in electing their contributing editors take into consideration the writing ability of their candidates and not choose anyone unfit for the position. In order that the societies may act fairly in this matter, the embryo editors should show their talent as writers by sending in contributions as soon as possible. If you are fond of writing short stories, go to it. If you are poetically inclined, rave on. We want some good writers so regardless of whether you are a fiction writer or a poet try for a Spotlight position. Make your contributions worth reading and the job is yours.

The First Complaint.

Second-floor freshie to janitor in South Hall:—

"That basin in the washroom is in need of a little scrubbing."

Janitor:—"Why, my dear lad, that basin has been in that condition for over three weeks and you're the first one that's complained."

MICHAEL

"Will you walk home with me'n'Luise?"

It was an unfamiliar voice, and I fled to my refuge on the instant, that is, I shook my curls over my face, and looked out therefrom, every bit of me on the defensive.

'Luise' I rejected immediately. I was at the age where I had no desire to play with a child who was cross-eyed and who had the general appearance of having been done up in curl papers for a week as a matter of conscience. But the other? How shall I picture her to you? To me she was Heaven's master-piece—the one perfect thing I had ever seen. The very fact that she greeted me as one akin and in the bonds of good fellowship was quite enough for me. For her, I would have suffered the acquaintance of half an hundred 'Luises!

Childhood does not stand long on ceremony. One needs only to have been a child to know how soon and by what simple means this childhood friendship was cemented.

"You're to come over tomorrow and play, you know. I've got a brother. He's twelve. His name's Michael. He's an awful nuisance." Then she called, parrot-wise, "Michael doesn't care about anything but old books. He'll never 'mount to anything."

I did not understand this summing up of Michael then, but I did later. For I went over to Milly's the next day and a great many next days after that. Michael was always to be found somewhere around, absorbed in huge, uninteresting books. He had nothing to say to us and seemed to scorn us both. Gradually I came to share Milly's opinion of her brother and to accept the ultimatum of the family that the boy would never amount to anything.

Milly and I swapped confidences, read fairy tales, had tea parties and mothered our dolls together until our skirts were half way between knee and ankle, and I tied my curls back. We continued to exchange confidences long after fairy tales and dolls and tea parties had been replaced by Algebras and Latin grammars and embroidery outfits, and our skirts had traveled down to our shoe tops. Even Michael, unnoticed by us, had outgrown the knickerbocker stage, emerging, not as a butterfly, but as a dun-colored moth. By that time Milly had gone to college. Soon after the family moved away and I was very lonely. Milly and I corresponded for a while, then letters became fewer and finally ceased. I wrote several times, but my letters were sent back, unclaimed. Michael, I had lost track of entirely.

One rainy October afternoon I chanced to board a car in which there was scarcely standing room. A sudden lurch threw me against the gentleman on my left. I looked up to apologize—and gazed straight into the eyes of—Michael. I had never noticed Michael's eyes before—never realized what wonderful eyes he had, so steely, so piercing and scornful.

Naturally, the first question I asked him was con-

cerning Milly—how and where she was, and what she was doing. From the way those queer eyes looked at me I understood that everything was not right.

"Suppose we get off and walk a way. There's something I need to tell you," he said.

We got off and turned into a little park where we walked a few minutes in silence.

"Then you do not know?"—he asked. Not waiting for an answer, he continued. "Milly is gone. She died nearly three months ago. I—"

And there, just where he stood the imperturbable Michael—broke down and cried. Some softening impulse of sympathy and understanding made me put my hand on Michael's arm. I had not known that he cared for Milly in this way.

He was speaking again.

"I may as well tell you the whole story," he said, and I listened.—while the look in his eyes burned thru to my very soul and increasing horror and loathing shook me.—to the tale of how he had spent years in training for the surgical branch of medicines; how he had been the head surgeon of a distant hospital where he had established a reputation; how the perfection of his profession had become the one absorbing passion of his life; how he had agreed to undertake a new and difficult case and how he found his patient, his own sister! Of how at first he had declined to perform the operation, and of how his colleagues had prevailed upon him to carry out his agreement; how he had done so and how, during the operation, his sister became to him, a mere sacrifice to science, how he forgot, in his endeavor to wear the crown, that there was a cross to be borne; in short, how he forgot that he was a brother and remembered only that he was a great surgeon; and how he failed.

I gave one look at him. One thing only I was sure of—I hated Michael as never a man was hated before.

I found my mail on my table when I reached home one chilly November evening a few weeks later. I picked up the first letter and read it—once, twice, three times. Michael had sent me thru the mail an announcement blunt and to the point that he desired me as his wife, gently informing me that he loved me.

Consulting my own state of mind, it was hardly likely that this proposal would have influenced me. Marry Michael? And Milly's blood on his hands? I, at least had loved Milly.

I came back out of a still, tense darkness, shot with flame points, to find myself in an unfamiliar place. Above me were round gray spaces with black specks in them and black lines above them. They annoyed me. I felt very tired. Flame-points fell all about me and I sought wildly for the darkness. Some times I felt what seemed a strong wind pass over me, close to, but never touching me. Some times I was held up by some unseen agent. All thru the long hours I felt that regularly sighing wind and felt for the round gray spaces above me.

And then there came, sounding loud and clear, the quick, happy ringing of bells. Where were they? I opened my eyes; I looked up into the eyes of the man I—hated. But the eyes were changed. As they caught and held my glance, I saw in them the look that the

Madonnas wear, and that only a man who has suffered greatly could have. And there mingled with the chiming of the bells' great cry:

"Thank God, Milly! You have forgiven me."

The Christmas bells chimed on and as from the beginning a great peace fastened upon me. I no longer hated Michael. A great love had crept into my heart and I realized that had not the head surgeon of this great hospital forgotten he was a brother, I should not have been what then I was. Milly had not died in vain.

I only looked at Michael and gripped his big hand a little tighter, but I knew he understood.

M. B. D.

Reckus—(translating Latin.)

Fortis dux fefellit in guttere.

Forty ducks fell in the gutter.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Thusnelde Zeller, '18

We would praise thee, Pennsylvania!
Keystone State, here's health to thee,
To thy endless rich resources,
To thy wealth and liberty.
Not thy cities are thy beauty,
Tho the clash and clang of steel
Night and day with ceaseless toiling
Help Dame Progress turn her wheel.

But thy nat'ral charms are many,
There is beauty yet untold,
Works of wonder are thy mountains,
Great and rugged, grand and old.
When the sky is streaked with crimson
And the sun about to set,
Black they stand against the golden
In a matchless silhouette.

Every hour, every season,
Somewhere beauty can be found,
Where a multitude of colors
And such splendid scenes abound.
At Tunkhannock man was tempted
Architect'ral skill to try,
And his work improved on nature
By those arches grand and high.

When in Autumn, with her brushes,
Nature daubs her gold and red
Over all those stately forests,
Over every mountain head,
Such magnificence is added
To the landscape that the eye
Cannot calculate its value.
Nor appraise the price to buy.

Pennsylvania, thou art lovely,
When in garments of the snow
Over glist'ning hills and valleys
Skis and sleighs like lightning go,
When the moon is cold and glimmers
On the ice and sparkles bright,
When the valley rings with voices
Of the skaters in the night.

When the gentle fall of Spring rains
Weaves a veil of verdant hue
Over mountains, plains and valleys,
And the sun shines warmly thru,
Nature issues invitations
Sent to every thing.
And our hearts beat high with pleasure
At the coming of the Spring.

ORSON WILCOX CHOSEN CAPTAIN OF FRESHMAN TEAM AT PITTSBURGH

Was Captain of Last Year's M. S. N. S. Eleven. His
Place Kick Against Indiana Was Longest
Field Goal Ever Registered by Prep
School Player in United States.

The many friends and admirers of Orson Wilcox, captain of last year's football squad, will be pleased to learn that he has been elected captain of the freshman team at Pittsburgh University.

One of the Pittsburgh papers in commenting on the honor bestowed upon the former M. S. N. S. boy, has the following to say:—

Wilcox Honored at Pitt.

"Pitt's freshman footballers have chosen as captain Orson Wilcox, of Wellsboro, Pa., last year's captain at Manfield Normal. Wilcox plays halfback, and is rated one of the most promising men in the squad. He was ranked last year as one of the leading preparatory school players of Pennsylvania, winning especial distinction through his remarkable placement kicking. His 50-yard place kick against Indiana Normal was the longest field goal registered by a preparatory school player in the United States.

"Wilcox is tall, well built, and has already exhibited speed above the ordinary and the ability to gain consistently either in the line or around the ends. He was not used in the game with E. L. A. because of a slight injury, though he would have gone in if needed. His first appearance in Pitt togs, therefore, will be in this week's game with Kiski. Wilcox is enrolled in the school of economics."

GREAT GUESSING CONTEST.

The Spotlight will give a valuable prize to the first student who sends in the names of the persons responsible for the following quotations:—

"I would like to see the following young men in the office some time today:—"

"Now, people, there's just one thing I can't tolerate and that's whispering."

"Bless your heart. I'm proud to have you in my class."

"Class recite, 'There, Little Girl Don't Cry.'"

"Cavez—vous Monsieur Davis?"

Bipeds And Their "Altitudes."

McInroy in Solid Geometry:—"Two rectangular bipeds are to each other as their altitudes."

A Bit of Hallowe'en Fun

(Contributed.)

It was the eve of the fortieth marriage anniversary of a lonely couple who lived by themselves in a small slab house half way up a forest-capped mountain. The only sound that broke the stillness within this house was the occasional moan of the invalid husband as he listlessly watched the fire light shadows play upon the wall. The wife arose, carefully stirred the handful of smouldering embers, then tenderly drew the tattered quilt and piece of ragged carpet over the shivering and emaciated form of him whom, so many years ago, she had promised to love and honor. As she gently smoothed the wrinkles from the pillow, and brushed the thin gray hair back from the palled brow, the old man caught her hand in his. Thoughts of the comforts and joys of past years came to the minds of each of them. At last the silence became unbearable, and the old man said in his weak pitiful way. "O Sarah, the Lord has indeed forgotten us. I am helpless, and you are nearly worn out with toil and care; and we have nothing to live on—nothing." The patient wife, who till now had struggled bravely amidst misfortune and want, sobbed aloud.

In the village at the foot of the forest-capped mountain some merry girls and boys were gathered before a glowing grate in a pleasant home making plans for some new and wonderful celebration of Hallowe'en. Several schemes were proposed and discussed. Finally one so novel was suggested that none of the little group offered an objection; and every face glowed at the thoughts of the promised fun.

Early bed time found the young company tip-toeing along the winding path that led to the home of the mountaineer. An occasional stumble called forth subdued laughter which revealed the whereabouts of the pleasure-bent crowd. A close listener might have caught some whisper among which the words "fun", "dancer" and "run" were mingled.

Out from the shadow of the trees towards the light from the curtainless windows of the slab house the jolly crowd quietly crept. All was still within. The old man had fallen into a troubled sleep; while at his bedside, her face buried in her hands, his faithful partner knelt. Suddenly a sharp rap startled them both. "Don't mind, John," said she, "it's some of them town boys come up here to scare us." Another rap, accompanied by a kind voice, induced the old lady to open the door. The tumbling in of the packages that had been piled against it forced her to beat a hasty retreat. When she saw the abundant stores of provisions, the warm clothing, and the order for fuel enough to warm their house for the approaching winter, she stepped quickly to the door to see who her benefactors might be. But the only response to her inquiry was a merry chorus of "The witches are out to night."

As the tattered covering was removed from the old man's cot and replaced by a new, warm comfortable of ample dimensions, the old man said, "He did know about it, Sarah; and this splendid new quilt is for me, the note that is pinned to it says so. How can I ever doubt again?"

The Half-Back.

The half-back hears his signal-call;
The half-back runs around the end;
The half-back crashes through the wall
Composed of wolves in human blend;
The half-back gains almost a yard
And yet he cannot hear the cheer,
For while he lies upon the sward
Six blokes are sitting on his ear.

The half-back has a festive job,
The Old Grads cheer him, play by play,
In each dull breast he lifts a throb
The while he drives across the fray;
And yet, whatever be his class,
I'd rather be a bush-league pote
Than spend my days beneath the mass
With strong men stamping on my throat.
—Grantland Rice, N. Y. Tribune.

Too Public.

"I'll do what any man does"
(Spoke fair young suffragette).
"If I should kiss you," came a voice.
"You'd kiss me back, my pet?"
"I couldn't do it, sir," she said,
"While on the street I roam,
A woman's place, I must admit,
Is sometimes in the home."

—Punch Bowl.

"JUST CARICATURES."

Mutt and Jeff, Lee Learn and Johnny Evans,
Foxy Grandpa, Prof. Strait,
Buster Brown, Albro Hoban,
Persevering Percy, Percy Slauteback,
Gasoline Gus, Granger,
Willie Westinghouse, Rex Dimmick,
Relentless Rudolph, Willis Johnson,
Belinda, Helen Scanlon,
Slim Jim, Guernsey Matteson,
Mrs. Rumage, Mildred Brooks,
Unlucky Looie, Frank Reckus,
The Newlyweds, Prof. and Mrs. Ward,
Jemie McJunk, "Scoop" Hiscox,
Snookums, Bennett Strait,
Hairbreath Harry, Don Arnold,
Muggsy, Hanyen,
Happy Hooligan, Francis McCarthy,
The Original Katzenjammer Kids, Allison and
Clifford.
Scary William, Donald C. Smith.
The Grassville Police Force, Those who were cam-
pused for leaving the dinning room on Sunday even-
ing, October 8th.

A FAMILY PICTURE.

The widow and her children approached the local
photographer.
"What are your rates, please?" she inquired.
"Seven-fifty a dozen, madam," he replied.
"But I have only eleven."—Columbia Jester.

Pieces From the Papers

Paradoxes.

We are ashamed to spring this tale,
And yet we hate to duck it;
A fellow gets a little pale,
Before he kicks the bucket.

—Luke McLuke.

This story, too, so gray with age,
Your risibles may vex;
A man gets nothing when at last
He passes in his checks.

—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

We might get fined for pulling this,
But still we'd like to note
How sheepish even wise guys are
When some one gets their goat.

—Carbondale Leader.

I hate to spring this, but I must,
To soothe my weary spirit,
It's mighty tough to get all fussed
And then go on and show it.

Yes Indeed!

Cornelius Tobin seems to be a victim of hard luck. Three years ago he was run over by the cars and as a result lost a portion of his foot, and for many months was unable to follow his avocation. He sustained an injury to his great toe while working in the Erie mines last week by the fall of a prop that laid him up again. He is doing as well as can be expected.—Forest City News.

Some Spanish Music.

For Sale—Thoroughbred bull of unusually good stock. Will sell cheap. A. Jones, Simpson.—Scranton Times.

Won't One Be Enough?

TWO GENTLEMEN—Can find desirable room and board at 38 Academy street, Maude Barnes.

—New Milford Advertiser

Waits Twelve Years for Wife.—Heading N. Y. Tribune
And if she hadn't shown up, the poor boob would still be waiting.

Yes Siree!

A lamp post may look weak but it can make a devil wagon stop at that.—Port Jervis Gazette.

'Twas Ever Thus.

After all, tennis is somewhat akin to life. At the nets, the wrist-watch sporters refer to nothing, in the scores, as love, while in this cruel world, love generally is looked upon as nothing.

Life's Enigmas.

Freshmen.
C. E. H's whiskers.
Latin.
Potatoes.
Sunday evening suppers.

Deep Stuff.

Some fellows are as useless as a golf umpire. Just how useless that is, will be understood when it is remembered that there "ain't" no such thing connected with the pastime we like to call cow pasture pool.

Tuff!

Accused of giving away liquor on Sunday, Homer Hockenberry has been committed to jail at Lewiston.—New Milford Advertiser.

You have our sympathy, Homer. They sure are an appreciative crowd at Lewiston.

Real Huffy.

Patrick Huff, of Forty Second street, was held under \$300 bail when arraigned before Alderman James W. Campbell last night on charges of assault and battery, threats to kill and malicious mischief. The warrant for Huff's arrest was sworn out by his wife who alleges that he smashed the doors of the house, threw an oil lamp around and wound up by beating and threatening to kill her.—Carbondale Leader.

Laughter.

'Twas a crashing, roaring freight train wreck,
And the fool was lucky to save his neck,
Yet he laughed and the sound comes to me yet,
When he asked someone for a cigarette.

A mine caved in and the twisted mass
Below the surface was chocked with gas,
But the miner laughed when they pulled him out,
As he blinked his eyes and gazed about.

The sea was running mountain high,
While a cyclone ripped down from the sky,
But an idiot laughed, whatever he felt,
As he buckled himself in a cork life belt.

They say in the trenches of Europe's war,
Where men don't know what they're fighting for,
That soldiers grin in the face of shell,
Which means the same as to laugh at hell.

A baby laughs at a mere bright toy,
From little or nothing acquiring its joy,
Which seems, after all is said and done,
To teach us all things have some fun.—G. W. F. in The Erie Dispatch.

Wow!

We just heard that girls in Hawaii wear grass dresses. When we visit that place, we're going to take a lawn mower with us. B. B. P.

**"NO NEED FOR SLIGHTEST FEAR OF
UNSUCCESSFUL SEASON."—KICHLINE**

**In Article Written for The Spotlight, Our New Coach
Declares We Have Good Team Despite
the Fact That Indiana Beat Us.**

This year's football season is well under way and what was at first thought to be an indifferent group of young fellows has been moulded into an industrious unit as a football team due to each and everyone of that group taking hold of the rope and pulling in the same direction as the others who compose that group.

A coach cannot "make" a team but if he can work with fellows who have talent, ability and are willing to work with him, the team in reality makes itself.

Men make the team and the more "real" men, the better the team. A man with natural athletic ability is of course best endowed to play football, but if that man uses his natural ability for individualism or self aggrandizement, he proves himself a liability to his team. Working with the team makes him better and makes the team better. We are glad to say that we know there are none of the former who are members of the football aggregation which represents Mansfield State Normal school.

We should be well pleased with our team and entertain not the slightest fear for an unsuccessful outcome this season.

Captain Vedder has proven himself a worthy general and will undoubtedly prove his mettle throughout our entire schedule of games. Rockwell, Frances, Reckus, and Arnold are proving themselves worthy of Varsity berths. Chas. Joyce whose performance on the scrub team lately has been exceptional may "hustle" some of the Varsity backs for their positions. Creswell is also doing fine work as quarterback on the scrubs. Woodrow is showing Varsity form.

In the line, Decker, Mattesen, Chamberlain, and Roos have displayed wonderful ability thus far and form a fine nucleus with which the new men may work. Gazella, our right end has been a tower of strength although short of stature. Reckus, Joyce, Walbridge and Everett, our new men who appear on the Varsity lineup, are doing even more than was expected and the union of strength of the new men and the old should form a team of which Mansfield should be proud. Other men who have been working hard and deserve equal credit with those already mentioned are: Johnson, a giant guard, Davis, one of last year's squad, R. Decker, an inexperienced, but capable and energetic man who we may expect to loom up before the close of the season, Monahan, a product of Stroussburg Normal, who will attract attention by his playing, Sayre, a new man who has been doing wonderful work at end. Kane, McCarty, Dean and Bowser are all promising line candidates.

—Ronald Kichline

Unprovided.

"The rain broke up the preparedness parade, didn't it?"

"Yes, nobody thought to bring an umbrella."

Les Fleurs.

The girl who is fondest of roses
Is as often inclined to romance,
And the girl who is looking for orchids
Will seldom be bid for a dance;
But the girl who cares only for tulips
Is the girl you will love tous les jours
She may have them whenever she wants them,
So long as those two lips are yours.

—Punch Bowl.

Dormitory Mathematics.

All dormitories are equal.

If a straight line is drawn from the tower to any given dormitory and if any late banqueter walks parallel to said line, he is said to be in perfect balance.

A leg perpendicular to the extremity of any freshman will give a square root.

Jewelry agents equal to book agents are equal to anything.

If the cop's brain is bisected at any angle, the result will always show absolute zero.

If the log of a freshman shows too many imaginary points dated Hamilton Walk, etc., he is said to be approaching zero and will cancel out at Mid-Years.

Any sine of a proctor marks the beginning of a center of gravity.

If thru any entrance point in the Triangle a cider barrel is passed there is no limit as to what might follow.

A key-lady is a polygon—that is, an angular object which cannot be described.

The angle of elevation of certain dormitory Shower Parlors is equidistant from strategic points in the Bi-Gardens.—Ex.

Ideal Kultur.

Summer nights, moonlight sites,
A good canoe, a girl or two,
A hand to fondle, a maid to tease,
A mouth to kiss, a waist to squeeze,
A quiet nook, a racy book,
A wiggling trout upon your hook;
Every man to his inclination.—Ex.

Looked Funny.

"Gladys," remarked a dear but irresponsible young thing of this town, "I am very much afraid my bank is in a bad way."

"Nonsense" said the other. "Why, that bank is one of the strongest financial institutions in the country. Wherever did you get that idea?"

It's very strange," said Gladys, still unconvinced. "They've just returned a check of mine for \$30 marked 'No funds.'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Logically speaking, the ethical value of an education is—"

"Leave the library immediately and do not return until you know how to conduct yourself properly."

"The-ah, tee hee hee!"

"Did You Ever—?"

By Ruth I. Foster.

It was one of those perfect days in June when fleecy clouds float lazily across an azure sky and dusty bees hum drowsily above the nodding heads of clover. Jack Leigh, stretched out upon a mossy bank, watched the clouds through the lace-work of leaves above him and thought that it was good to be alive when a fellow could have a holiday on such a day as this. Down by the road he could see the dusty brown tops of some gipsy wagons, and now and then he heard a bit of song from some happy Romany in the camp.

Soon, however, there came a discordant note in all this peaceful harmony. Jack's reverie was broken by the sound of a woman's weeping. He sprang to his feet and looked about him. Surely enough, there she was, the pretty little gipsy girl he had seen as he passed the camp. She had thrown herself upon the grass too much absorbed by her own grief to notice Jack's presence, and her whole body shook with pitiable sobs.

"Ye Gods, what's a man to do in a case like this?" thought Jack. "I can't let her go on like that without doing something."

Then, gently touching her shoulder he stammered, "Please don't do that. What's the trouble? Can I help you?" Startled, she rose and looked at him and answered in a voice deep with despair,

"Thank you sir, you're very kind, but there is no help for me."

"Oh, but there must be, won't you tell me about it? I'd gladly do anything I could to help you."

She looked so much like a frightened child and made such a pitiable effort to control herself that Jack could not resist the impulse to take her in his arms and soothe her.

"Tell me about it, little girl," he said, and sheltered in his arms she told him her story in words broken by sobs. Her tear-dewed eyes looked into his with such gratitude for his kindness and trust in his helpfulness that he could have fought the world for her,—just then.

She was Nedra, daughter of the chief, and she had hoped to raise her tribe above the petty thievery and tricks of gipsy life. She had been educated in a convent school and had come back to her people inspired by high ideals and filled with great hopes for the future of her tribe. But the chief cared nothing for her ideals. He made sport of her attempts to uplift her people, and now he had promised her in marriage to the worst thief and cheat in the tribe. There was no escape for her. As chief, her father had the power to demand absolute obedience on pain of death.

Jack urged the girl to come home with him.

"My mother will care for you," he said, "and we will find a place for you among people who will appreciate your high ideals."

"My place is with my people," Nedra answered, and my duty is with them. I must obey my father."

At sundown she left him and went slowly back to her camp turning back now and then with a sad little smile. Jack watched her until she disappeared and then with a sigh he reached for his watch to see how much time he had to catch the train that would take him back to town. His watch pocket was empty! Then he made a hasty examination. His scarf pin was gone,

too. There was nothing in his pockets but his handkerchief and his train ticket.

"Well, did you ever—?" he muttered as he started down the road.

Truthful Creature!

Detective William J. Burns was praising in Chicago the truthfulness of women.

"If war bulletins were as truthful as women are," he said, "we'd have a better idea of how this world struggle is really going."

"I remember a case the other day—it's interesting in its revelation of woman's truthfulness—the case of a husband who had disappeared."

"Questioning the wife. I said to her:

"And now, madam, tell me—this is very important—tell me what your husband's very last words were when he left?"

"His last words," the truthful creature answered with a blush, "were For Heaven's sakes, shut up!"

Formal Dance November 18th.

The 1916-17 dance committee have announced that a formal dance will be conducted on Saturday evening, November 18th. Arrangements for the affair are already under way and the dance will undoubtedly be among the most enjoyable conducted here in recent years.

The committee consists of the following:—William McNamara, chairman; Donald B. Rockwell, Michael Toole, B. B. Powell, and Donald D. Arnold.

I WONDER HOW THEY WOULD LOOK.

Dr. Butler—with a hair cut.

Alma Dills—in a baby carriage.

Rupert Swetland—in a gym suit.

John Hannon—with a girl.

"Gimmey" Davis—graduating.

Wendell Phillips—smoking a cigarette.

Well, Maybe It Was.

Mischa Elman gave a recital at the Metropolitan Opera House some time ago. On this occasion it seemed as tho he was playing better than he ever played in his life. His soft strains held the audience in complete silence. This quietude was broken by an enthusiastic auditor who gave vent to his feelings by saying, "Gee, ain't that sweet!"—Ex.

As He Knew It.

Teacher—Tommy, can you spell "fur"?

Thomas—Yes, sir; f-u-r.

Teacher—That's right. Now can you tell me what fur is?

Thomas—Yes, sir. Fur is an awful long way.

And He Did.

He—I'm debating with myself whether to go on a party after the game or not.

She—I bet you win.—Lampoon.

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...ABSOLUTELY PURE**



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**Stationery, Toilet Articles, Cameras
Books, Medicines.**



Students, Read This!

¶ Are you beautifying your rooms with calendars? The

ADVERTISER OFFICE

has a large number of pretty calendars free from any printing, some hand-painted and some hand-colored, that are being sold at very low prices.

¶ If you could use one in your room, call and see our line. They're beauties.

MANSFIELD ADVERTISER

They Do at That.

Prof. Kichline in Economics:—"Name a few things that harmonize."

Arnold:—"Beer and pretzels."

He Knew Something After All.

Prof. Kichline in Economics:—"Is land a capital good?"

McCarty:—"I don't know."

Prof. Kichline:—"Then you don't know much, Mr. McCarty."

McCarty (very modestly):—"I know I don't."

Prof. Kichline:—"You know more than I thought you did."

"Hey, Bill, how about that debt you owe me? Did you forget it?"

"Not yet. Give me time."—Yale Record.

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NORMAL STUDENTS secure your Christmas Gifts at the sale of Japanese Art Goods in the Parish House of St. James Episcopal Church on December 8th. Price from 5 cents to \$1.50. Arpons and other articles will be on sale. **AFTERNOON AND EVENING.**



DON'T BE DESPONDENT

¶ If things are not going right in school or your business, you need help. We are too busy to work out your Geometry problems and translate Latin but, we can help you out of your financial troubles if you have been saving and depositing in our Savings Department.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
MANSFIELD :: PENN'A

When a bit of sunshine hits ye
After passing of a cloud;
When a fit of laughter gits ye
An' yer spine is feelin' proud.
Don't forget to up and fling it
At a soul that's feelin' blue;
For the minit that ye sling it
It's a boomerang to you.

The Passion That Teaches.
One night, when Jack and Polly sat,
Bathed in the moon's soft ray,
He tried to steal a kiss. Alas!
Her furs were in the way.

Next evening, as before, they sat
'Neath the star-spotted dome.
But, though the night was 32 degrees,
She left her furs at home.

—Punch Bowl...

W. J. NEAL

¶ Carries a full line of Snappy and Dependable—

FOOTWEAR

—at all times.

¶ Better hurry and get supplied, before prices on good shoes reach the \$10.00 mark. They are sure to reach it.

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Dresses, Bath Robes and Kimonos**

¶ Pretty Taffeta Dresses.

¶ Filmy Georgette Crepe Waists and Evening Dresses.

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TO MANSFIELD NORMAL STUDENTS!!

¶ We have to sell you Class Banners and Class Stunt Books.

¶ All sorts of College Jewelry with the M. S. N. S. Seal on.

¶ Also you will find that if your watch needs looking after, we will do it and the charges will be right.

¶ Our Optical work is such that you can not afford to pass it by, and whether we fit your eyes to the proper glasses, or repair your broken frame or new lens, you will be satisfied.

GEORGE L. PALMER, Jeweler and Graduate Optician

A Spoiled Child.

First Mother—Mrs. Clancy, yer child is badly spoiled.

Second Mother—Gawan wid yez.

First Mother—Well, if you don't believe it, come and see what the steam roller did to it.—Lampoon.

Not a Full Occasion.

"Groggs can't take any kind of a holiday without getting drunk. I met him this afternoon and he was half-shot."

"It is a wonder he wasn't paralyzed."

"But remember this is only a half holiday."

¶ The very latest and up-to-date
Novelties at the—

EMPIRE MILLINERY STORE

Clipped From the Exchanges.

When Omar smote 'is bloomin' lyre,

'E'd 'eard men sing on land an' sea

An' what 'e thought 'e might require,

'E went an' took the same as me.—Kipling

THEATORIUM

¶ The big serials—"The Secret of the Submarine," and "Hazards of Helen"—each Thursday.

¶ Paramount program coming.

Licensed Service; Triangle Features

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